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IS THERE NO WORK?

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OME one has paid for the placarding of the subway cars with this question, asked Mr. Taft at a Cooper Union meeting, "How would you propose giving an able bodied man work when there is no work?"

Mr. Taft's reply is given as "God knows, I do not.'

As judge, Secretary of War, President Roosevelt's friend, and as candidate for the Republican nomination for President, Mr. Taft stands in a position where he should

be glad to answer this question if he could. A satisfactory answer would be welcomed by tens of thousands of worthy men who a few months ago were busily engaged at useful toil and who now are without employment or wages.

Why is this and whose fault is it?

In some few cases it is the fault of the men themselves. Some men will not work if they can find any way to live without work. Some men are hoboes by instinct. Some men would frequent the Bowery "distilleries" and sleep in the Bowery lodging houses rather than have steady work and support a family.

But such men are very few.

The instinct to work is natural in man. The aversion to charity is a sign of inherent self respect. Preferring to earn one's own living rather than to be dependent is both prevalent and praiseworthy.

Always there has been more work to do than there are men on earth to do it. There is no lack of work now.

Until no one is hungry there will be the necessity to work to pro-

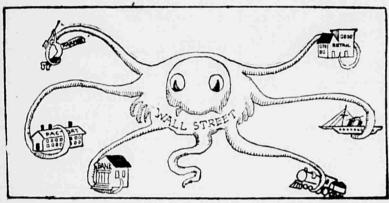
Until no one is forced to dwell in a crowded, unsanitary tenement house there will be the necessity for work to build better homes.

Until every one is warmly clad and shod there will be the necessity

for tailors and shoemakers to toil. Even if everybody had an abundance of the necessities of life, of food, clothing and shelter, there would still be the desire for luxuries and

the necessity for work to produce them. New York City needs more subways. Work would build them. Work would produce the structural steel, the concrete, the cars, the motors. Only work could dig the trenches and lay the tracks.

Why are not men at work who would be glad to work?



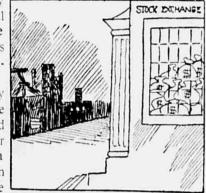
In the first place because Wall street gamblers last fall precipitate. a panic. Everybody was at work then. To keep everybody working required the active employment of a large amount of capital and the con stant use of money in the payment of wages.

The Wall street gamblers wanted this money themselves to gamble with. They bid for it by offering absurd rates of interest-30%, 40% 50%, and one day as high as 200%. No legitimate business could bid as high.

So the banks stopped paying out cash for payrolls, and merchants and manufacturers whose credits were curtailed discharged their em

ployees. In a few weeks the money was drawn from business to Wall street. The rates of call loans have now gone down to 2%. The prices of stocks have gone up. The gamblers are making money again.

But what a price the industry and legitimate business of the United States has had to pay! And what a price it had to pay for other Wall street panics! And what a price it will have to pay again when Wall street has again put up the



price of stocks and again bids up interest rates for gambling purposes! So long as the prosperity of Wall street gamblers is regarded as the proof of the prosperity of the United States, so long as the ticker quotations are regarded as the test, that long will the question which was asked Mr. Taft have to go unanswered.

Letters from the People.

To the Editor of The Evening World: and encouragement like mine they and in course of time we might get from Harlem to the Battery in fifteen

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Views on Divorce. To the Editor of The Evening World Divorces in nine cases out of ten.

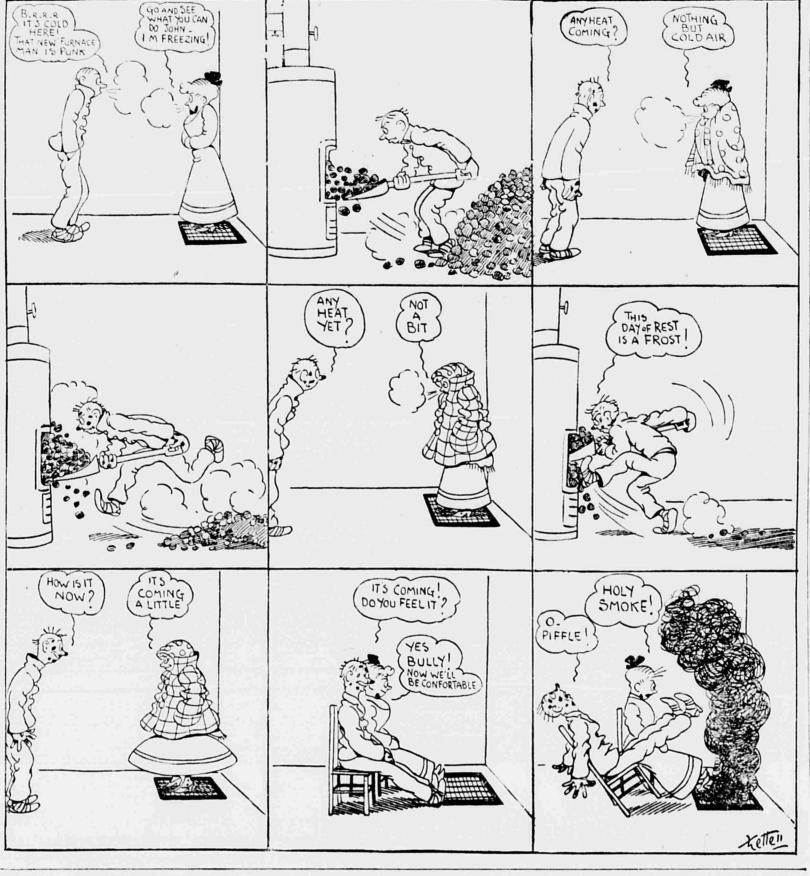
often restless dissatisfied and disap-think the subway management is to pointed. In the past a woman who be congratulated. On two consecutive would desert her husband was socially mornings this week I noticed they man-ostracized, and it was from fear that axed to run from One Hundred and most women were kept in the straight Sixty-eighth street to the Grand Cenard narrow path; but times have tral in less than forty-five minutes, changed. Cannot some readers express Perhaps with a few words of praise their unbiased views on this subject? CLERGYMAN.

Ventilation.

ERNEST I. In answer to the question on ventila-tion I would say the foul air, being generally warm, arises to the ceiling, as warm air is lighter, when the window could probably be avoided were there air from outside rushes in and forces of both husband and wife. In all my twenty years' experience as a mining at the top of the window, and as that ter of the Gospel in the city of New goes on the fresh air continues coming York I have read at close range the characters of my parishloners and have found the men to be as a rue. home-abiding citizens, who provided the lower opening it will have its flame blown optward. Held at the lower opening it will blow their families' wants as well as inward.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Wives, Like Mrs. Jarr, Have Learned by Long and Bitter Experience That They Must Not Expect Their Husbands to Do Anything for Them.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Tell her I'll run over to her house about 11 wish you'd look him up." o'clock and go downtown shopping with her. Now don't "Who, Hickett or the engraver?" asked Mr. Jarr. forget, because she may not wait for me."

is put down and charged up against me!" said Mrs. Jarr to use the office telephone."

"Oh, yes it does," said Mr. Jarr. "The boss got mad the other day when he found all the wires busy with the I am idling at the office all day?" ROY L. MICARDELL

re to cost ten cents each.' "How mean of him!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Well, you won't miss ten cents. For work was." goodness sake, don't be stingy about little things! You telephone Mrs. Stryver Southess sace, don't be some and will you stop off at Twenty-third street and go to the store work late, so, while I'm dozing at hard labor, anything else?" and see if that sale of twenty-four-button kid gloves is of really five dollar qualty for \$3.98? I think it's good economy to take advantage of a genuine sale."

"Oh, all right!" growled Mr. Jarr. prhood," said Mrs. Jarr; "it's only about nine blocks and you won't need to it to the Post-Office and register it, can't you?" pay carfare. If you walk briskly it will hardly take up a minute of your time. rell them I want the furs sure by Wednesday, and you can pay for the repairs I've nothing else to do but to run errands for you?"

while you are there."

"That all?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "You talk as if I were imposing on you! won't kiss you good-by!"

look around while you are out lunching at noon to-day and see what it costs get some engraved note paper. It's a shame that I haven't any. Everybody panic stricken townsfolk feared, but to restore order, put out the fires LL you telephone to Mrs. Stryver for me when else has, and Mrs. Hickett said her husband knows a man in the engraving and save the hard won Southern capital from mob you get down to the office?" asked Mrs. Jarr. business downtown, somewhere on Ann street, who gave him a special price. I

"The engraver, of course," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mr. Hickett is in Chicago, and "All right," said Mr. Jarr, "but why don't you tele- I want some note paper right away. What is our family crest?" "A lemon rampant on a piece of Camembert argent, support

"Now you know as well as I do that every single call couchant, with the motto 'All I Get Is Much Obliged to You,' " said Mr. Jarr. "I suppose you think you are funny!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "I know we have plaintively. "Of course, it's only five cents; but five cents a crest with a madled hand and a Latin motto-no, it's French-but it's all the saved is five cents gained, and it doesn't cost you anything same. The man will have a book of them, anyway, so pick out a neat pattern in a crest and coat-of-arms."

"All right," said Mr. Jarr. "Now, is there anything I can do for you while

clerks' private affairs when he wanted to use the 'phone on "Well, I'm glad you admit it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You men have it easyisiness, and he's put a rule in effect that all personal calls by the office force nothing but to sit at a desk all day adding up figures and writing and such things. You should try to run a house and go shopping, then you'd know what

"I suppose you are sneering at me, but I don't care!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But

if you want to do something for me you can take these letters downtown and mail them. I want this one to be registered, it has a dress goods sample in it I "And if you'll run over and see about my furs (while you are in that neigh- promised Cousin Jenny to send her without fall before Christmas. You can take

> "I can, but I won't!" said Mr. Jarr decisively. "Doggone it! Do you think "You needn't make such a fuss over it." Faid Mrs. Jarr calmly. "I might have known better than to ask you to do one simple little thing for

Miss Lonely Consults a Fortune Teller About Mr. Man • By F. G. Long.



Albert Payson Terh

OR nine months the mighty armies of Lee and Grant had lain facing

one another across the trenches at Petersburg. Each was too strong for the other to attack with any success. But Sherman and Sherkdan had meantime so riddled and undermined the Confederacy elsewhere that (with the exception of Lee's army and a force of Johnston's in North Carolina, the South was practically crushed. Sherman, even now, was pressing Johnston to the latter's final defeat. Lee alone stood between Grant and Richmond; between the Confederacy and utter collapse. Grant calmly waited his great opportunity. At last the moment came.

On March 24, 1865, he began a general advance, first attacking the right wing of Lee's army. Lee, as a counter move, sought to check him by attacking the Union centre, but his attempt failed. The Confederates were beaten back with a loss of 13,000 men. Grant had made Sheridan commander of all the Union cavalry and now sent him to ride around Lee's army and to get between it and Richmond. Lee almost cleared Petersburg of defenders in order to checkmate this move. On April 1 Sheridan, in carrying out Grant's order, met and defeated the bulk of Lee's army at Five Forks, where the Confederates had been rushed from Petersburg to stop his flank movement. Sheridan in this battle took 5,000

Reeling under this double blow, Lee's troops could offer no effective resistance next day, when Grant once more attacked Petersburg. outer fortifications were captured, and the city

Petersburg's Defenses Broken.

itself (last dangerous stronghold of any sort tween the Union forces and Richmond) was at the assailant's mercy. Grant had worked out the whole campaign as carefully as though it were a tough problem in chess. His process was slow, but it was terribly sure. This shabby, grim little Westerner, chewing on his eternal, half-smoked cigar, had few points of resemblance to the glittering, glory enshrouded, dashing

warrior one reads about. Yet he had a deadly way of stripping War of its laurels, putting it on a business basis, and—eternally winning. Lee, his lines smashed, his men hungry and footsore, his last hope of defending Richmond lost, had but one chance. If he could march his army into North Carolina and there join Johnston he might, in the mountains, continue for a while a sort of guerrilla warfare against his victorious foes. So, sending word to President Davis to evacuate Richmond, Lee fled Southward. But he was not to escape so easily. Hot on his track followed Sheridan, harrying and beating him, giving him not a moment's peace

nor allowing him to choose his own course. The once invincible Army of Virginia was on the run-demoralized, ruined. Whenever its wornout soldiers sought to halt for rest or for forage the thundering hoofbeats of Sheridan's pursuing cavalry burst on their ears, and off they were driven again in hopeless, aimless flight. About 40,000 Confederates began that awful retreat. Sheridan catching up with one corps of the flying Southerners captured 7,000 of them. numbers dwindled to 28,085. Of these all but about 8,000 had thrown away their guns in the weakness and confusion of flight. They were still staggering on in their pitiful effort to escape, when Grant, overtaking the helpless remnant at Appomattox, took pity on their wretched condition and begged Lee to stop further bloodshed by surrendering. The two rival generals met on April 9 to discuss terms. Lee, so the

account goes, was clad in a spruce new uniform, "military hat with a gold cord and a beautiful sword. Grant, with his slouched hat, dark blue frock coat covered with mud, pantaloons tucked in his soiled boots, wore no sword. They shook hands and sat down."

Grant treated his fallen foe with boundless kindness and generosity. He would not accept the sword Lee offered in token of submission. He paroled the beaten army, allowing its men to keep their sidearms, horses and personal possessions. Nor would be permit his own exultant troops to celebrate the victory lest the losers' feelings be hurt. Laier, when President Johnson wished to have Lee tried for his life on a charge of high treason against the United States, the Southern general Grant to protect him. This the conqueror did so ably as to save Lee and

make a lifelong enemy of Johnson. Meantime, on Sunday, April 8, news had come from Lee that Richmon ! must be evacuated, as the Union troops were bearing down upon it. confusion reigned. Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet

fled for their lives. So did countless others. For the hire of a wagon to bear fruilles from the city \$100 in gold was offered. The Military Governor of the place ordered the principal warehouses set afire. The City Council ordered all liquor destroyed. Then pandemonium broke loose. Mobs made up of soldiers and civilians got hold illaging broadcast, committing a thousand lawless deeds. The fire from blazing warehouses spread to other buildings and the entire city

Then, with dawn, came the Union troops-not to rob and slay, as the Grant himself had turned aside and did not enter in triumph the city he had fought so long to conquer. Instead, he sent Gen, Weitzel (at the

head of a force composed largely of negro troops) to take possession. The Confederacy had lost its capital. Its President was a fugitive and, five days later Lee's army surrendered. Johnston surrendered to Sheridan soon afterward. The great civil war was at an end

But the enthusiastic national rejoicings were suddenly changed to sorrow, patriotic decorations to crape and cheers to weeping.

Lincoln Read the "Arabian Nights."

By Dennis Hanks.

BE'D lay on his stummick by the fire, an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy, an' we'd laugh when he did, though I reckon it went in at one ear an' out at the other with 'er, as it did with me. Tour'd come an' out at the other with 'er, as it did with me. Tom'd come in an' say: here, Abe, your mother kain't work with you a-botherin' her like that.' but "I guess so," said Mr. Jarr. "I have so little to do to-day that I'll have to Aunt Sairy always said it didn't bother her none, an' she'd tell Abe to on. I reckon that encouraged Abe a bit.

"'Abe,' sez I, manny a time, 'them yarns is all lies.'

"'Mighty darned good lies.' he'd say, an' go on readin' an' chueklin' to his-

self, till Tom'd kiver up the fire fur the night an' shoe him off to bed," says Dennis Hanks in his recollections of Lincole in the February American.
"I reckon Abe read 'Arabian Nights' a dozen times an' knowed all the yarns by heart. He didn't have nothin' much else to read, excep' Aunt Sairy's Bible. He cut four cords o' wood onct to git one stingy little slice of a book. It was a ife o' Washington; an he'd lay over the Statoots o' Indiany half the night, We'd git hold o' a newspaper onct in a while, an' Abe l'arned Henry Clay's speeches by heart. He liked the stories in the Bible, too, an' he got a little book o' fables

some'ers. I reckon it was them stories he read that give him so many yarns to tell. I asked him onct after he'd gone to lawin' an' could make a jury laugh or cry by firin' a yarn at 'em.
"''Abe,' sez I, 'whar did you git so blamed many lies?" An' he'd always say.

Denny, when a story l'arns you a good lesson, it ain't no lie. Ged tells truth in parables. They're easier fur common folks to understand an' ricollect.'"

Going the Pace in Society.

By Upton Sinclair.

They say there are seven thousand millionaires in this country, but I say there are twenty thousand in New York alone-or if they don't own a million they're spending the income of it, which amounts to the same thing. You can figure that a man who pays ten thousand a year for rent is paying fifty thousand to live; and there's Fifth avenue-two miles of it, if you count the uptown and downtown parts; and there's Madison avenue and half a dozen houses adjoining on every side street; and then there are the hotels and apartment houses, to say nothing of the West Side and Riverside Drive. And you meet the mobs of people in the shops and the hotels and the theatres, and they all want to be better dressed than you. I saw a woman here to-day that I never saw in my life before, and I heard her say she'd paid two thousand dollars for a lace handkerchief; and it might have been true, for I've been asked to pay ten thousand for a lace shawl at a bargain. It's a common enough thing to see a woman walking on Fifth avenue with twenty or bhirty thousand dollars' worth of furs on her. I know women who have a dozen sets of furs-ermine, chinchilla, black fox, baby lamb and minx and sable, and I know a man whose chauffeur quit him because he wouldn't buy him a fanow fur coat! And once people used to pack their furs away and take care of they; but now they wear them about, and you can fairly see them fade. Or else their out goes out of fashion, and so they have to have new ones!-American Magazine.

A Story About Justice Brewer.

USTICE BREWER, of the Supreme Court, on circuit was once taking testi-

mony in an Ohio court. One of the witnesses called to the stand gave his name as J. Curtie Greene. Mr. Greene's condescending manner did not appeal to the Court's sense of the fitness of things. Finally, Judge Brewer's patience being sorely tried,

"What did you say your name was?" "J. Curtis Greene with an 'e'." replied the witness.

"What does the 'J' stand for?" was the next question.

"Julius." "Proceed with the testimony of Mr. Julius C. Greene with an 'e'l" commanded the Judge-Pittsburg Gazette-Times.